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Miss Kellogg's Marguerite is a charming and womanly creation, modest, yet passionate in its newly awakened love, fulfilling in a great measure our ideal of the character. She sang the music in a charming manner, and her pure and admirable voice told out with admirable effect. Her success was very flattering. Mazzoleni gives the most flattering rendering of the character of Faust that has yet been presented on our stage. He thoroughly embodies the character, and sings the music with that warmth and fervor which his grand voice enables him to express. We miss, however, in the tenderest portions, the clear mezzo-voice which is at once so thrilling and so effective. Antonucci sings and personates Mephistopheles very successfully. His voice is very fine and he uses it like a master. Bellini undertakes a small part for the benefit of the operatic ensemble, and makes it at once prominent, so thorough an artist is he in every respect.

On Tuesday evening Donizetti's charming opera, "Elisir d' Amore," was performed, Mlle. Ronconi appearing as Norina. This young lady, the daughter of the great buffo, is most pleasing in appearance, and is perfectly at home on the stage. She is, in fact, a piquant little actress and a pretty singer. Her voice is very small indeed, but what there is of it is melodious. Her artistic pretensions are very slender, and we think she can scarcely sustain the position of prima donna.

Baragli sang in certain pieces very sweetly; his voice is charming in quality, but will bear no forcing. He should bear this in mind, for on Tuesday evening he failed terribly in one or two passages where he exerted undue power. Antonucci made a dashing Sergeant, and sang the music in a spirited and artist-like manner.

Of the "Dulcamarra" of Signor Ronconi, we can say nothing in its praise beyond what it merits. It is a masterpiece of acting and singing from his first entrance to the last note. His humor was so rich and racy that the audience were kept convulsed with laughter, and bestowed upon the admirable artist the heartiest and most enthusiastic applause. The whole performance was a triumph of pure genius.

In two or three weeks we shall have the opera at Winter Garden, when Mr. Maretzek and his artists will meet with a greeting as cordial and as appreciative as their high merit deserves.

MADAME GAZZANIGA'S MATINEE.

The last matinee of this excellent artist yesterday was very largely attended, and the performance, sustained by herself, Miss Adelaide Philips, Signor Anastasi, Mr. Alfred H. Pense, and Mr. Colby, gave most general satisfaction, many of the selections being very warmly enjoyed.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.

We change the heading of notices for Sunday Evening Concerts for this week from plural to singular, as Mr. L. F. Harrison, last Sunday evening, remained master of a hard fought—and won—field of musical battle, his competitors retreating, and leaving him in sole and full possession of such entertainments.

Mr. Grover was expected to give such a concert at the Olympic Theatre, but his purpose was frustrated by untoward events occurring just before its final arrangement.

Mr. Anschutz retreated behind his strong bulwark of defence from concert seekers—the Arion Vocal Society, and the public were thus ruthlessly cut off from opportunity to appreciate his new sensational readings of Beethoven, or the barely possible felicity of a new twist given to Wagner's last and most astounding musical vagary, which might enable some one to ascertain what all that noise and confusion of—instrumental—tongues really meant.

Unfortunately for public accommodation, Mr. Harrison's tenth concert for this season, took place in that very popular hall called "Irving," and the baffled attendants upon other entertainments, were met, on entering its doors, with that forbidding placard, "Standing Room Only." Even that was found by pleasure seekers, very difficult to attain, or to hear the performance in, when attained, for uneasy musical spirits roamed about the lobby, up and down stairs, with creaking boots, despite Mr. Harrison's positive injunctions, and kept up—as usual—a deafening clatter, by way of obligato to his musical feast, prepared with extra care, and ministered to, by an increased instrumental force. His significant notice—per bills—to keep quiet, while that exquisite "zither" solo was given for the fourth time by special request, passed unheeded by too many turbulent spirits, and therefore became a mere vision to unfortunates in their vicinity.

The principal orchestral performance appeared in Liszt's "Les Preludes," in which the increased stringed force displayed the full value of that needful accession to orchestral ensemble, and so far as we could obtain a fair hearing of that severely difficult task for even a grand, closely picked orchestra, we considered their acquittance of such trying work quite creditable. It has been given much better here under other auspices. Other light pieces satisfied public expectation, and pleased their special admirers, in turn, as presented.

Mr. Pollack appeared to less advantage than upon any previous occasion. Signor Severini was not very happy in his first song, but sang Gumbert's charming song, "Ye Merry Birds," with so much grace and expression as to gain a hearty and well deserved encore.

It is understood that, in order to accommo-

date the crowds which throng Irving Hall, every Sunday evening, the popular Sunday Evening Concerts will in future be given in Steinway's new Hall, in Fourteenth street.

THE BATEMAN CONCERTS.

The Bateman Concert last evening was a fine artistic success, although the musical importance of these concerts is by no means fully appreciated by the public. As a company we have had no such artistic combination for many years. Parepa alone by the magical beauty of her voice, and the spell of her perfect mastery of every vocal resource and refinement, should alone be sufficient attraction to crowd Steinway's Hall whenever she appears. But, when we consider the other attractions, Brignoli, who is to-day a greater favorite with our public than ever, Mr. S. B. Mills, a pianist in the first class, Signor Ferranti, Signor Fortuna, Carl Rosa, Mr. J. L. Hatton, and a large orchestra directed by Mr. Theo. Thomas, we feel surprised that even the vast proportions of the new Hall should be able to accommodate those desirous to listen to these first-class, admirable concerts. This evening the eighth concert will take place—the last but two that Mr. Bateman will give in New York for the present. Let all who love music attend this evening.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Mr. Boucicault's last new play, "The Long Strike," was produced at the Olympic last week with moderate success, owing more to the mediocre acting than from want of merit in the piece itself. The play has evidently been hastily gotten up, and, although some of the scenery is really fine, there is a manifest want of proper rehearsal exhibited in the acting of many of the characters. This is a fault that many of our managers are, through their over earnestness to produce novelty, apt to fall into, and detracts greatly from the enjoyableness of what might otherwise be excellent performances.

Mr. Boucicault is undeniably a playwright of great power and ingenuity, and invariably manages to invest his plots with an interest that few of our modern dramatists have succeeded in achieving. Then again, he is a great lover of novelty, and every one of his plays contain one or more scenes introducing some new and startling effect. In "The Long Strike," the scene *de resistance* is that of the telegraph office, which is worked up to the highest pitch of intensity and rouses the audience into a state of great enthusiasm, not only from the novelty of the idea, but from the telling situation introduced, which is wonderfully strong and dramatic. Up to this scene the play is not so interesting as the general run of Mr. Boucicault's productions, the first two acts dragging their way along most tediously, but afterwards things go on swimmingly, and the final climax is well and effectively arranged. Taken altogether, "The Long Strike" cannot be classed among the most successful of Mr. Boucicault's works. The subject is an extremely painful one,